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The Pathfinder

February-March, 1910

ALBERT MOORE

By GEORGE B. ROSE



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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All communications should be addressed as follows: The Editor of The Pathfinder, Sewanee, Tennessee.

VOLUME FOUR

The editor begs to announce for volume four of THE PATHFINDER the following prose articles: Under the general title of *Aspects of Recent Prose-Writers*, two of which have already appeared, *e. g.* Benson and Arnold, Mr. Julian Park, of Williams College, will write on Ruskin, Hearn, Wilde, Henley, Symonds and Hardy; Mr. G. B. Rose will continue his art essays with criticisms on Poelemburg, Albert Moore, Palma Vecchio, Mantegna and Albert Dürer; Miss Jeannette Marks, of Mt. Holyoke College, will contribute a series of short essays under the title *Lyra Mortis: the English Pastoral Elegy*; brief appreciations of the pastoral lyric from the pen of one of America's most delightful writers in that field, J. R. Hayes, of Swarthmore College; a series on the French lyric by the editor; occasional articles on subjects pertinent to the purpose of the little journal have been promised by some of the leading English and American essayists.

THE PATHFINDER in its inclusion of poetry will endeavor to maintain the general level of excellence which has won for it the high approval of a well-known English poet.

During the year special numbers will be devoted to Tennyson and Petrarca.

The Pathfinder

Vol. IV]

FEBRUARY-MARCH, 1910

[Nos. 3-9

THE LIMNER

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

E'en as the patient limner upon stone
Traces with careful artistry each line
That forms a part of the complete design,
So shapes the bard his song's full overtone.
Each beat he tests as though it was his own
Impassioned pulse-throb; every cadence fine
Voicing his rapture; every shade and shine
Of meaning compassed in his lyric's zone.

E'en as the limner, something of his soul
(Yearnings and fair ideals) has he expressed
Firm fixed and fused with time-enduring art;
Yet has he gained by far the higher goal;
For while the jewel beams on Beauty's breast,
The song abides fond-treasured in Love's heart!

Errata in Mr. Crockett's *Valballa* sonnet of the December-January issue:

l. 3, read *myriad* for *myraid*

l. 5, read *e'en* for *'en*

Insert l. 11: In toasts of conquest! oh, that God's sharp gift

*ALBERT MOORE**By* GEORGE B. ROSE

If asked what is the most beautiful picture produced in the past century, there are those who would point to the *Summer Night* of Albert Moore, which hangs in the Walker Gallery at Liverpool. It is perhaps the work which in modern times comes closest to the supreme loveliness of the *Sleeping Venus* of Giorgione, that most perfect emanation of Renaissance genius. It is difficult to imagine anything more exquisite than this masterpiece of Moore's, these four beautiful girls, nude to the waist, sitting or reclining upon elaborately wrought couches beneath festoons of flowers beside the moon-lit sea. It would be hard to conceive a more delicate harmony of color,—softest flesh-tones, daintiest yellows, pale grays of the nocturnal sea beneath the silver shimmer of the moon. It is all as ethereal as a dream, but realized with the firmness of a Greek bas-relief. The delicious forms of the young girls in all the freshness of their first maturity are as clearly moulded as if they were carved from

marble, but with all the exquisite delicacy of maiden flesh ; while the draperies fall into those multitudinous folds of perfect grace only achieved by the men whose masters have been the Elgin Marbles. It is not only one of the most beautiful pictures in the world, it is one of the most decorative. Every part of it is finished with ultimate perfection of detail, so that we can enjoy it not merely as a whole, but the eye can linger with delight on every square inch of the canvas.

The man who wrought this marvelous picture and many others scarcely less lovely is one of the great masters of his craft.

Yet he is little known. His refined and delicate art, so classic in its perfection of pure beauty, makes no appeal to the vulgar populace. It tells no story. Names have been given to his pictures ; but they, in fact, are nameless. They are simply things of an ideal beauty, which exist for themselves alone. Perfect in form, pure in color, merely the presentment of beautiful young women in delicious repose, they have an enthralling charm for the few lovers of classic beauty, but they mean nothing to the masses. And Moore, simple and unobtrusive, living only in and for his art, had none of his

friend Whistler's genius for self-advertisement, and passed his days in the quietude of artistic endeavor, without even the honor of an election to the Royal Academy.

Perhaps no artist of equal greatness is confined to so narrow a field. He seeks to depict but a single aspect of life—youthful beauty in repose. When, as in *Follow my Leader* he endeavors to represent action—even the simple rhythmic grace of a girl's running,—the result is failure. Maidens that lie on rarest couches, or sit in chairs that resemble thrones, or stand in graceful postures, are enough for him. It is a narrow realm, but is it not worth all the world beside? He is the painter of youth—youth, which no one appreciates until he has lost it, and for which most men and all women would then, like Faust, barter their immortal souls. In a few cases, as in *The Quartette* it is man; but these pictures are mere sketches in paint, lovely in their grace and serenity, but never finished. It is only over young girls, women in their first and sweetest bloom, and the accessories that enhance their beauty, that he can be induced to linger. But how lovingly he paints them! How he lingers over all their charms, striving to represent with ever greater

perfection the satiny sheen of youthful flesh, the graceful folds of silken draperies about faultless limbs, those faces of a serene perfection of classic beauty, with broad, low brows crowned by waving hair, with straight noses and eyes far apart, perhaps in their untroubled serenity the most purely Greek of anything in modern art.

Yet he is no lifeless imitator of the Greeks. He is not an archeologist like Alma Tadema. He is simply a seeker after beauty, no matter whence it comes. A girl, clothed in a Grecian robe, toys with a Japanese fan. Anything that is pure in tone, graceful in form, decorative in effect, is welcome. Beauty is the goddess of his idolatry, and he seeks her in the products of many lands. And if his women are all of classic type, if every profile that he ever drew, every attitude that he chose to depict, would seem not out of place in that Parthenon frieze which was his principal instructor, it was not because he imitated the Greeks, but because, in seeking for perfect beauty of the human face and form, he necessarily reached the same result. Of all modern painters he came nearest to a certain Greek ideal. He had none of the Grecian breadth of vision. Power and action and passion were beyond his scope. But in

depicting the face and form of woman in her youthful charms he is the worthy successor of those marvelous sculptors of the Hellenistic Age, whose genius we are just beginning to appreciate at its true worth. He is even more Greek than Lord Leighton, in whose supremely lovely *Flaming June* and *Summer Moon* there is a sensuousness borrowed of Venice and alien to the Greek spirit.

He is not a painter of the emotions. His faces have no expression save one of serene happiness. Passion disfigures or illumines, and is alien to the serenity of his conceptions. Plastic beauty suffices for him. He is the most pagan in spirit of all the artists who have painted since Correggio; perhaps even more pagan than he. For him Christianity, with its inward visions, its upward strivings, its deep self-questionings, its struggles, triumphs, and despairs, has never existed. He is a Greek of the later days, when men wrought the *Venus of Melos* and read the loves of Daphnis and Chloe. To find faces so serene, so untouched by the sorrows and longings and vain aspirings of the modern world, we must go back to the Cortona *Muse*; and even she has in her downcast eyes possibilities of suffering that Moore's faces

do not suggest. For the latter the luxury of repose, the quiet joy of living, is all-sufficient. Their one function is to adorn. Lovely as flowers, they hint at no further use. Beautiful as they are, they do not even promise the joys of love. They exist only to delight the eye; and if they were transplanted to the planet Mars, where nothing in human form was ever seen, it is likely that they would afford as much pleasure as they afford to us, merely in the grace of the outlines and the harmony of the colors.

Moore is a delightful colorist, but there is in him nothing of the mellow splendor of Venice, nothing of the gorgeous brilliancy of Rubens. His color schemes are usually delicate, one tone of yellow or blue or green or white pervading the composition. He does not try to make symphonies in a single color, like Whistler; but there is generally a refined harmony based upon a chosen tint. Sometimes his colors are bright, and then they are clear and strongly contrasted. He is not a great colorist like Rossetti or Böcklin or Delacroix; but his refined and usually delicate hues are admirably adapted to the subjects that he paints.

So great is his love of exquisite draperies of softest silk that cling in a thousand graceful

—

folds, that he rarely presents a form entirely nude; but when he does, as in *The Wardrobe* and *The Yellow Room* it is a thing of such exquisite purity of line as to rival *La Source* of Ingres. And his nudes are the chastest that have been painted since the days of Greece. He who can discover in them any suggestion of impurity merely reveals the baseness of his own nature.

Though so idealistic in his types, seeking ever after flawless beauty, he was one of the most realistic of painters. He was not content with a suggestion of the dream he saw. He must realize it as perfectly as Teniers realized his boors or Paul Potter his bull. His forms are so lovely that we must assume that he improved upon his models; but if so, there are no signs of the change in vague outlines or unrealized contours. His method of painting was infinitely patient and laborious, many sketches and cartoons and long study of the living model, draped and undraped, preceding the work upon the canvas; and the painting was continued until he had done all in his power to represent the sheen of living flesh, the waving of real hair, the clinging folds of the actual silk, the furniture's solid contours.

Albert Moore was not one of the martyrs of art. He made no appeal to the vulgar multitude, who passed him by with uncomprehending glance. But there were always patrons of taste and culture ready to take his pictures as they left his easel; and the wisdom of their acquisitions time has justified. In the modern world, alongside the cult of perverse ugliness that is so disheartening in any current exhibition, there is also a deep-seated return "to the glory that was Greece." The cult of the beautiful for its own sake grows ever stronger; and as Albert Moore is one of the most faultless ministers of this cult, his fame is continually extending.



THREE HOURS AFLOAT

By JAMES BRANNIN

Briar and weed and poppied corn,
Rippling river, calling horn,
Wild-rose scent, caressing air,
Heart of my heart, the world is fair!

Gold hair loosed to the sun-lit stream,
Bright eyes lost in the last late beam,
Slim hands vexing the wavelet fleet,
Life of my life, love is sweet!

Tent of still, dark, even-blue,
Crescent moon, and stars a few;
Thou and I and silent fate:—
Soul of my soul, God is great!

*POEMS**By MAHLON LEONARD FISHER**IN APRIL DAYS*

When April wakens in her bed,
And wooded ways are bright with bloom,
I love to think that One, long dead,
Makes glad again this darkened room.

I love to think she comes again
And stands beside me, as of old,—
Her hand in mine—ah! poignant pain—
Those little hands are still and cold.

I love to think we cross the sill,
And seek the spot where violets grow.
Dear Child!—now nevermore she will
Their tender, purpling sweetness know!

I love to think she gathers them,
(In dreams I see her stooping there).
And makes for me a diadem
To crown her sun-lit strands of hair.

And so—I weave a garland now;
(Nay, not of violets, but of verse).
And where she stood with tranquil brow,
These poor, heart-broken rhymes rehearse.

Ah, take them—they are thine, dear Child,
Who walk no more in wooded ways;
Sweet may they seem, and undefiled,
As violets are in April days.

THE LAD

He watched me down the narrow street,
The lad whose life made living sweet;
I turned: some childish, fancied fears
Had filled his wondering eyes with tears.

Yet on went I, nor looked again;
(So hardened are the hearts of men).
But Oh, all through the livelong day
I yearned to kiss those tears away.

Sunset and homeward: nigh the gate
I whistled low and paused to wait
For him who always met me there,—
A tiny one with rumpled hair.

He came not, tho I waited long. . . .
A veery sang his even-song,—
And then — how still the garden grew —
How still — how dim and still . . . I *knew!* . . .

Ah, God! show Thou my hungry sight
His eyes lit up with gladdened light:
I but remember, all the years,
That once his face was wet with tears!

THE REMEMBERING HEART

I went a little way with him
Whose eyes a-weary were, and dim:
He could not see the silken sky,
Nor yet the children flashing by.

But, as I walked with him that day,
These things I heard the old man say:
"The sky is blue—'t is always so;"
And, "Bless the children,—how they grow!"

THE WONDER

It was a child's voice in the street,
And sweet as every child is sweet.—
 He heard it in the market-place,
 And thought him of his Darling's face.

It was a child's voice in the street,
And sweet as is a woman sweet.—
 She heard it from her window's height,
 And whispered: "He will come to-night!"

THE WATCHER

I look to see him, every day,
There, in the garden, at his play;
 I strain to catch the shout of glee
 That never, never, comes to me!

I lie awake amid the night
To keep his chamber lamp a-light;
 I lean to hark his faintest call—
 And hear my heart beat—that is all.

O, luring Day, have you not seen,
Somewhere, the dawn and dusk between,
 The way-worn Soul that seeks my door
 Wide-open thrown forevermore?

O, secret Night, can you not find
Some hint of One who, groping blind,
 Goes wandering down your darkening aisles,—
 Goes wandering, lost, those eerie miles?

O, Night and Day, O, endless Years,
You mock me still, nor heed my tears;
 You answer not, nor breathe his name.—
 O, Long-Desired, who never came!

*THE PASTORAL POETS**By* JOHN RUSSELL HAYES*IV.—SPENSER*

"A masterpiece, if any,"—so seemed to good Michael Drayton the *Shepheardes Calender* of Spenser; and herein Drayton showed himself an admirable judge, worthy to be followed by posterity. These twelve "aeglogues, proportionable to the twelve monethes" and inscribed to Philip Sidney, "president of noblesse and of chevalree," are indeed a treasure-house of quaint dialogue, of idyllic loves and sorrows, of homely countryside wisdom and beautiful English landscapes, and all presented in such a diction and melody as England had not heard since Chaucer's voice fell silent. The poem has, too, an autobiographic charm, the shepherd Colin Cloute being Spenser's own self. Colin Cloute, "under which name this Poete secretly shadoweth himself, as sometimes did Virgil under the name of Tityrus,"—name ever dear to the poet, and resumed by him in riper age after composing his great and magnificent epic,—seems to call up a host of Spenser's ancestral associations, carrying us straight to that old-world

Lancashire where his family had long been settled. Behind the almost archaic vocabulary of the *Calender*, in its innocent Arcadian flavor and downright simplicity, one readily constructs a mind-picture of an ancient provincial countryside, a quaint neighborhood where kindness and home-bred affection abounded, where old-time farming and grazing mingled with rustic holidays to fill the quiet lives of a contented and thrifty folk,—a corner of an English shire where an inherent family strain of religion and idealism combined with staunch character to produce in the right season that gifted son of the house whom Milton was one day to call, in his matchless and superb way, “our sage and serious poet Spenser.”

The shepherd-names in these pastorals are for the most part frankly and rustically English, good honest names that smack of hayfield and byre and croft,—Cuddie, Willye, Thomalin, Piers, Diggon Davie, Hobbinoll,—the last standing for Master Gabriel Harvey that “very speciall and most familiar freend, whom he entirely and extraordinarily beloved.” It has not been my fortune to visit in Spenser’s Lancashire,—that is still a cherished dream,—but in rural Oxfordshire I have watched the nibbling

white-fleeced flocks straying in the soft emerald pastures besides the Thames; and in the lonely lads who, lying beside the hawthorn hedges, tended the sheep, I have fancied the modern counterpart of Cuddie and Diggon and Piers, although I confess I never heard them pipe or sing as piped and sang those jocund shepherd-lads in the pages of Spenser.

Of the sumptuous golden harmony, the mellifluous cadences, and the unfailing nobility of ideal, that make the *Faerie Queene* glorious, there is abundant promise in these youthful eclogues. And so I have ever been of the same mind as Drayton concerning the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and as Sidney, who averred that Spenser "hath much Poetrie in his Eglogues: indeede worthy of the reading, if I be not deceived." If a choice must be made where all is so inviting, this melodious praise and honoring of Queen Elizabeth by honest Hobbinoll, in the April "aegloga," may be taken as typical:—

Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessèd wight,
The flowre of Virgins: may shee flourish long
In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte,

Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot:
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

.

Tell me, have ye seene her angelicke face,
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there? . . .

Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures:
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

*"A PRETTY LITTLE ROBIN RED-
BREAST OF A MAN"*

(Conclusion)

By WARWICK JAMES PRICE

Milnes, almost from his first entry into the whirl of the British capital, shone as a social light, "lion" hunting ever, yet invariably modest, witty and full of reminiscences worth hearing, sincerity personified and, above all else, of kindest thought and act. First at the Albany and later at his country home (he married the Honorable Annabel Crewe in the midsummer of '51) his breakfast table was for years a focal point in London society, where one met the latest distinguished scholar, brilliant speaker, sensational writer or eminent criminal.

If, to to-day's reader, the final words need explanation, it should be recalled that Richard Milnes is most worthily remembered, not for his lettered labors, nor his general Parliamentary career, nor his speeches in behalf of the Poles and Italians and other peoples then oppressed, nor even for his strong advocacy of public education and religious equality, but for his splendid work in behalf of the criminal classes,

—
especially those still young in years. Nothing which he did has born such lasting fruits of good as his bill establishing reformatories for juvenile unfortunates, which he saw passed in 1846,—the index, as it were, of his real and lofty zeal in behalf of his handicapped fellows. Some years after his death, Florence Nightingale (the almost unique value of whose philanthropies he was, by the way, practically first to recognize), in describing a visit which she paid in his company to the Redhill Reformatory, set down a slender happening eloquently suggestive of this best side of a good man. "The chiefs were explaining to us the 'system,' in the courtyard," she wrote, "when a mean, stunted, villainous-looking little fellow crept across the yard (quite out of order, and by himself) and stole a dirty paw into Mr. Milnes's hand. Not a word passed; the boy stayed quite quiet and quite contented if he could but touch his benefactor, who had placed him there. He was evidently not only his benefactor but his friend."

This alone would have amply justified Milnes's quarter century in the House of Commons (he was first sent up from Pontefract in the coronation year, serving that constituency till his elevation to the Peerage in '63), though at the time

the man himself was sorely and repeatedly disappointed that he did not make his way into several Cabinets. Subscribing at first to the political creed of Conservatism he became more and more Liberal with the years, especially with his growing intimacy with Palmerston, but no portfolio was ever placed in his ready hands. "The only office you ought to have," said the Sage of Chelsea, to whom he had once mildly complained of this neglect, "is that of President of the Society for the Amalgamation of Heaven and Hell." Which is truly Carlylese, even while suggesting clearly enough what Benjamin Disraeli evidently had in mind when, in depicting "Mr. Vavasour" ("social favorite . . . quite a troubadour . . . sweet-tempered and good-hearted . . . very amusing and very clever,") he said he "saw something good in everybody and everything." And if he had not all the political preferment he craved, he yet had far more than most public men of his day, for all who knew him loved him. When he became Baron Houghton, Mrs. Bryan Waller Procter wrote:—

He enters from the common air
Into the temple dim ;
He learns among the ermined peers
The diplomatic hymn.
His peers? Alas! When will they learn
To grow up peers to him?

Milnes's "Literary Remains" include, in full, eighteen volumes, produced between his twenty-fifth and sixty-seventh years. This count omits his editings of Boswell and David Gray and Peacock and Cranmer, and, beginning with his travel impressions, includes, besides his *Life and Works of John Keats*, four works of historical sort and a half dozen volumes each in the differing fields of poetry and politics. His verse, in spite of the praise it elicited from Bulwer and Archibald Alison and Bayard Taylor, even in spite of that which came so generously from De Vere and Professor Ward and Edmund Clarence Stedman, to-day seems rather of the sort once aptly characterized as "elegant effusions." It possessed grace at times, was generous and devout in tone, moved elaborately, sonorously even,—and yet reads labored; all poetic impulse, all glow of passion is lacking. Fragments are more than merely quotable, as—

Where nature's heart
Beats strong amid the hills,

or

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;

Two of his essays in ballad sort still enjoy a popularity in their native land which has been denied far greater verse,—the little love poems of *The Brookside* and *Strangers Yet!* and one

may find an amused pleasure in his lines *To an American Young Lady*, with their lesson since preached at us again by Henry James:—

Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,
 Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
 Where forest glooms the heart appall,
 Where burns the radiant western fall,
 One duty lies on old and young
 With filial piety to guard,
 As on its greenest native sward,
 The glory of the English tongue.
 That ample speech! That subtle speech!
 Apt for the need of all and each;
 Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend
 Wherever human feelings tend.
 Preserve its force — expand its powers;
 And through the maze of civic life,
 In letters, commerce, even in strife,
 Forget not it is yours and ours.

These things to the contrary notwithstanding, however, one feels that Baron Houghton will figure in later histories of his country's letters but little more on these counts than as one of the founders of the Philobiblon Society, his fittest claim to literary remembrance being his really monumental work, in his fortieth year, as editor and biographer of Keats. Perhaps, too, we shall not soon forget that, in '45, it was he who read Tennyson's *Ulysses* aloud to Premier Peel, thereby winning for his friend and classmate the pension of £100 a year which seemed on the verge of starting in the direction of Knowles.

If Cabinet honors were not to be his, Milnes found others quiet as well worth while showered upon him. Oxford and Edinburgh hung their hoods about his shoulders; for ten years he served his own Trinity as Honorary Fellow; in '68 he was elected to the Royal Society, in '78 was made Secretary to the Royal Academy, in '81 a trustee of the British Museum, and a year later was chosen President of the London Library. Yet the title of highest worth to which he proved his right was that of friend; when he died at Vichy, in the September of 1885, William Allingham wrote merely the consensus of all British opinion when he penned:—

Adieu, dear Yorkshire Milnes! We think not now
Of coronet or laurel on thy brow;
The kindest, faithfulest of friends wast thou.

Like the venerable Walter Savage Landor before him, Milnes had "warmed both hands at the fire of life," but from first to last he loved dearly to share with those less happily off the pleasures he himself so keenly relished. "Other people," he once said, "like to give their friends bread; I like to give mine cake," and the words were literal truth. He himself would have been the last to make the suggestion, but his epitaph might fitly have been graven:—

"Write me as one who loved his fellow man."

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MILTON'S ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

* *
*



THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE begs leave to announce that it has a limited number of the Regular Edition of Milton's ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.

This edition contains the Introduction, written with insight and appreciation by Dr. Glen Levin Swiggett, the head of the Department of Modern Languages at The University of the South.

The book is a cap octavo, the page being four and one-quarter by seven inches, printed with black ink from Caslon type, the title-page and colophon being rubricated. The architectonic border of the title-page and the several initial letters in outline were drawn specially for this book.

A special edition of ten copies was printed on Japan paper, bound in full morocco boards, lettered in gold and lined with silk. These copies were illuminated by the Sister Superior of the Order of S. Mary in the State of Tennessee. The price of these were \$10 each, and they were all subscribed for before the book was published.

The Regular Edition consisted of 250 copies, printed on Strathmore deckle-edged paper, bound in boards covered with blue-gray French hand-made paper, with white backs, the title being printed with gold-leaf. Of the 225 copies which were for sale at \$1 each, a small number is yet available. The book will make a choice gift for birthdays, weddings, anniversaries, and at Easter and Christmas time. All who are in any way interested in fine book-making should possess themselves of this little volume.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF
SEWANEE TENNESSEE

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Shakspeare ^{and His} Forerunners

*Studies in Elizabethan Poetry and
its Development from Early English*

By SIDNEY LANIER

Contents

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- II. THE SUPERNATURAL in Early English and in Shakspeare: *Address of the Soul to the Dead Body* compared with *Hamlet*.
- III. NATURE in Early English and in Shakspeare: *Beowulf* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*.
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